

## HUSKING TIME.

Harvest Home Discourse By Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Gathering the Grain That is Ripe For the Harvest—The Final Garnering of the Great Crop of Souls.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage discoursed upon the harvest season. The text selected was: "As a Shock of Corn Cometh in in His Season," Job v. 26. Dr. Talmage said:

This is the time of the year for husking corn. If you have recently been in the fields you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound with his wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

About corn as an imported cereal or corn as a metaphor, the Bible is constantly speaking. You know about people in the famine coming to buy corn of Joseph, and the foxes on fire running into the "standing corn," and about the oxen treading out the corn, and about the seven thin ears of corn that in Pharaoh's dream devoured the seven good ears, and the "parched corn," handed to beautiful Ruth by the harvesters of Bethlehem, and Abigail's five measures of "parched corn" with which she hoped to appease the enemies of her drunken husband, and David's description of the valleys "covered over with corn," and "the handful of corn in the ear," and "the full corn in the ear," and Christ's Sabbath morning walk through corn fields, and the disciples "plucking ears of corn," and so I am not surprised to find corn husking time referred to in my text: "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago and have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors was thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to rosy June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamond-wreaths of a bridal party; or, to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadness and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide between the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air and hilarities awakened the echoes, and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock.

"Aha, aha!" So we all realize that the death of our friend is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes out of the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say: "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle, as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing, and a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said: "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah! my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for the heavenly voyage. You must let the Heavenly Husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality.

Perhaps this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off the ear, and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself, and we called it "nubbins." Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice-nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to comparatively nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to Heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn and wounded and lacerated and wrenched and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified back logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality, but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirits reigned supreme, and there were great handshaking, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion. The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so Heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! They come up from all sides—from Potter's field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their spiritual dependencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in Heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. Now, in Heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's

granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, Heaven is a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant-killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumption over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. O my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is we may all get there.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernatural society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned 300 acres of ground. The man whom he was talking to at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the trace. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times. And so it will be in Heaven. Our Father will gather His children around Him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say: "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak; just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say: "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation—just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. Go in and dine.

All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. O, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time, plowed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night, after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and, hardly knowing why she did so, she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed, while looking at the mirror, that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and honest life." O my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

—She—"Has Brown a baby at his house?" He—"I guess not. I heard him praising another man's baby a short time ago."—Brooklyn Life.

## AGAIN IN MOURNING.

The President's Father-in-Law Dies at the White House at a Good Old Age.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The shadow of death cast a somber cloud over the executive mansion again yesterday and the president and his family spent nearly the entire day at the bedside of Dr. Scott, the president's venerable father-in-law, awaiting the inevitable, which, owing to the unexpected vitality displayed



REV. DR. SCOTT, by the invalid, did not happen as soon as was anticipated. Dr. Gardner visited the sick room at 7 a. m. and found that the case was beyond the power of medical skill. Notwithstanding his 98 years Dr. Scott has enjoyed exceptionally good health up to the time of his last sickness and his mental vigor seemed to have kept full pace with his physical soundness. Dr. Scott died at 4:10 yesterday afternoon.

### BIOGRAPHICAL.

Rev. John W. Scott, the father-in-law of President Harrison, was born with the century, the date of his birth being January 22, 1801, little more than a month after the death of George Washington. His boyhood was spent in the vicinity of Hookstown, Beaver county, Pa., where he was born. His father was a well-to-do resident of that place, and gave to his son a good education, which he turned to his advantage in his future life. He became a minister of the Presbyterian church and filled several pulpits acceptably, but in a few years his voice failed and he was forced to give up his vocation. After teaching in several schools, among them the Hanover university, in Hanover county, Ind., he established the Western Female seminary at Oxford, O., where Benjamin Harrison received the finishing touches to his education. Dr. Scott had five children—three daughters, Mary, who died young; Elizabeth, who married Russell Lord; Caroline, who married Benjamin Harrison; and two sons, Henry M. and John N. Mrs. Lord died in Washington two years ago. The son Henry is also dead, leaving John N. Scott as the sole survivor of Dr. Scott's children.

During the time when Mr. Harrison was a United States senator, Dr. Scott was appointed to a clerkship in the pension office, and he held this position until his son-in-law became president. He resigned then and moved to the White house, where he has since resided. About a year ago he paid a visit of several months to his son, John N. Scott, at Port Townsend, and stood the fatiguing journey across the continent without ill effects.

Dr. Scott was a man of wonderful vigor, tall, broad-chested and well-preserved mentally. He used to say that he believed he was in his prime at 60. He was seldom ill, but had no regular rule of diet or exercise to keep him in good physical condition.

### SUSPENDING IMMIGRATION.

A Proposition From the Senate Committee to Suspend Immigration For One Year.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The senate committee on immigration met here yesterday with six of its members in attendance. Previous to adjourning the committee considered the following proposition, without, however, reaching any conclusion:

All immigration except from the North and South American countries shall be suspended for one year from March 1, 1893, the law to be so framed as not to hinder the free return of American citizens or the easy admission of visitors. No vote was taken on this resolution, but it is probable that one may be taken at to-day's meeting and there is reason for believing that it will be passed.

The committee also decided that it was advisable to submit to congress for consideration a law embracing the following propositions:

No immigrant shall be admitted to the United States between the age of 12 and 55 years unless he can read and write freely and easily his native language, nor shall a person above 35 be admitted who cannot read or write except as a member of a family coming.

No immigrants shall be admitted unless he possess \$100 in money or its equivalent except that the head of a family may bring with him or send for the other members of his family if he or they possess \$25 for each member.

All intending immigrants shall bring with them certificates from United States consuls abroad showing that they have satisfied such consul that they have a right to gain such admission as immigrants.

All persons seeking final naturalization papers shall give reasonable notice to the court to whom they intend to apply and some official representing the government shall investigate the facts upon the other side when the application is offered.

### STUFFED MONEY PACKAGE.

Brown Paper Cut Note Size Representative of \$10,000.

GALVESTON, Tex., Nov. 30.—Yesterday morning's 9:30 train from Houston, bringing to Galveston eastern mails and expressage, received from the Southern Pacific at New Orleans, brought by Wells-Fargo & Co.'s express messenger, Harris, who had in charge a package addressed to the Island City savings bank, Galveston, valued at \$10,000. This package had been received from the Wells-Fargo express messenger on the New Orleans-Houston run and had been shipped out by the Kountz Bros., New York city. The valuable parcel was taken to the consignees and receiver and signed for by the bank's teller, John McCarthy.

Then Mr. McCarthy opened the bundle; it was found to contain nothing but brown paper, cut in slips about the size of a bank note and neatly matted up into bundles fastened with rubber bands. The resident manager of Wells-Fargo & Co. was notified and repaired to the bank at once, where he carefully inspected the package. The New York office of the express company was immediately advised of the situation by wire.

## ANTI-TRUST LAW.

A Decision That Renders it Virtually Inoperative—The Government Defeated in an Important Case at Topeka—Possible Effect of the Decision.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 29.—Just before the adjournment of the United States court last evening Judge Riner handed down his opinion in the case of the United States against the Transmissouri Traffic association.

On every point at issue he held against the government. The case, which had attracted the attention of attorneys and corporations throughout the country, is pretty well understood by the public.

The action was brought by United States District Attorney Ady against the Transmissouri Traffic association, and the case was argued at Cheyenne on the 3d of August last under the national anti-trust act.

The association comprises all the railroads from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean which are doing interstate business, except the Northern Pacific and the Southern Pacific systems, fifteen lines in all.

The contention of the government was that the Transmissouri Traffic association is in the nature of a trust and in restraint of trade; that its tendency is to create and foster monopoly and suppress competition, and that therefore it should be dissolved.

Judge Riner holds in effect that the agreement of the traffic association is not obnoxious to the anti-trust law because it improves facilities for transportation and maintains reasonable rates. The opinion is very voluminous, containing 12,000 words.

It quotes the contention and defense upon every point and all the authorities and not a position of the government is sustained. The action was one of the most important that had ever been brought in the west.

After adjournment of the court a correspondent saw District Attorney Ady and ask him if he had any observations as to the opinion, as to the court, as to his intentions for the future.

"It was impossible for the government to prove that rates at competing points are unreasonable," said Mr. Ady. "On the contrary, the lowness of these rates is made an excuse for higher rates locally. But this was not the real question insisted upon by the government. If the fact that facilities are improved by a combination and that prices are reduced is a defense under the anti-trust law, then none of the trusts and combines of which the people complain, such as the Standard Oil trust, the sugar trust and the beef combine, is obnoxious under the law. It is a fact well known to everybody that the Standard Oil trust has improved the quality of lighting fluid and lowered the price. Such a construction practically annuls the anti-trust law."

"The real object of that law, as I insist, is to prohibit these great combinations of capital which, though they may reduce prices at the commencement, tend to a monopoly in the production and distribution of prime necessities and are dangerous to the welfare and perpetuity of republican institutions. The court also holds that the anti-trust law does not apply to traffic associations by railroad companies which are governed by the inter-state commerce act. This is squarely in the face of the views expressed by Senator Sherman, Senator Edmunds and Senator Vest when the law was framed. I shall appeal the case."

## NORTH DAKOTA ELECTION.

It Turns On the Validity of Indians Voting.

BISMARCK, N. D., Nov. 29.—Official returns have been received at the office of secretary of state from all counties in the state except six—Billings, Bottineau, Emmons, McIntosh, Pierce, and Taylor. The figures on the counties heard from give the Weaver electors 250 majority. Private advices from the counties not yet officially reported show the Harrison electors to have a majority of 15. Emmons and Bottineau counties have both been held back on account of contests. In Bottineau county Michaels is contesting Hanover's seat to the legislature, claiming that the 120 Indians in that district had no right to vote. These two counties will figure materially in determining the complexion of the electoral vote of this state. If the Emmons county board is sustained and it is decided that the Indians had a right to vote the electoral vote of the state will go for Harrison. Otherwise it will be for Weaver.

The announcement that the courts would be called upon to determine the right of a woman to hold the office of superintendent of public instruction, has created considerable excitement.

## THE HITCH IN WYOMING.

Republicans Claim a Majority on Joint Ballot Which Their Opponents Will Perhaps Overcome.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Nov. 29.—The final count of the Carbon county vote makes the legislature republican on joint ballot, which will insure the election of a republican to the senate.

It is said, however, that the democrats and populists, who have control of the lower house, will unseat a number of the republicans elected before consenting to meet in joint session, so as to elect a democratic or populist senator.

There is also a hitch regarding Dr. Osborne's taking his place as governor, for which there is no provision under the state constitution. It is likely that the matter will have to be settled by the courts, if the legislature does not pass a bill providing for the difficulty.